

# DEAF MUTES JOURNAL.

Published every week.  
\$1.50 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office of New York, N. Y.  
as second class matter.

VOLUME XI.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1882.

NUMBER 50.

## POETRY

### Small Beginnings.

A traveler through a dusty road strewed acorns  
on the path;  
And one took root and sprouted up, and grew  
into a tree.  
Love sought its shade at evening-time, to breathe  
its early vows.  
And age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask  
beneath its boughs:  
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds  
sweet music bore;  
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.  
A little spring had lost its way amid the grass  
and fern,  
A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary  
men might turn.  
He waded it in, and hung with care a ladle at the  
brink;  
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged  
that toil might drink;  
He passed again, and lo! the well, by summers  
never dried,  
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and  
saved a life beside.  
A dreamer dropped a random thought; 'twas old,  
and yet 'twas new;  
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being  
true;  
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light  
became  
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitor flame.  
The thought was small, its issue great; a watch-  
fire on the hill,  
It shed its radiance far abroad, and cheers the  
valley still!  
A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged  
the busy mart,  
Let fall a word of hope and love, unstudied, from  
the heart;  
A whisper on the tumult thrown—a transitory  
breath;  
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul  
from death;  
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought  
at random cast;  
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the  
last.

## STORY TELLER.

### IN A COAT POCKET.

Astley Cowper, hat in hand, was just turning the handle of the street-door, when a soft call from the stair-top made him pause.  
"Are you going to the post-office, Astley?"  
"No, not exactly, but near it. Is there anything you want done?"  
"Only this letter to post," and a girlish shape flitted down the stair. Astley watched as she descended, and with suddenly sharpened recognition of the fact, said to himself, "What a pretty girl Rosamond is!"  
Brothers are not always so alive to their sisters' charms, but the fact was that rarely in her life had Rosamond Cowper been so near to perfect beauty as at that moment, when she came down the old stair-case, letter in hand; her cheeks flushed with deepest pink; her eyes shining, and her red lips parted with a know, not what happy sur of emotion and expectancy.  
Two long braids of pale brown hair, thick and glossy as those of German Gretchen, hung down her back. On the fair forehead clustered a fringe of light waving rings, not cut and trained after the manner of the conventional bang, but a happy freak of nature and accident.  
The slender figure in its white dress had all the rounded grace of youth and perfect health. Over all was an air of virginal freshness, indescribable but charming. It was one of those *bel momenti* which come at times to most young creatures.  
But Rosamond was too much pre-occupied to be conscious of her looks, as she handed the letter to her brother, with fingers which trembled a little, and said, anxiously, "You won't lose it, will you, Astley?"  
"Certainly not," with a superior smile. He stuffed it carelessly into a side-pocket of his coat, a coat made, like the rest of his suit, of that immaculate white duck, in which our youthful swells delight to array themselves in hot July weather.  
Forth he went, clean, alert, handsome, the very picture of a luxurious young fellow enjoying a summer holiday. No thought of betraying Rosamond's trust was in his mind, and his steps had already turned toward the post-office, when a dog-cart drew up suddenly and a cheery hail roused his attention.  
"Well met, old fellow. I was just going round to ask if you felt like a game of tennis. The Porters sent a note early in the morning, to ask me to drive down to the Croft for luncheon and a game, and to bring you."  
"All right, I will," Astley jumped into the cart and in another moment was bowling down the road toward the Croft—a pretty country place some three miles distant. Rosamond's commission was clean forgotten.  
Tennis was followed by luncheon, that by more tennis, and a conversation under the shade of the branching cedars which flanked the ground.

Then pretty Mabel Porter proposed a walk, and led the way through a grassy Valley to the gorge beyond, where a little brook tore its wild way from higher levels to the water meadows below.

The rocks over which the party climbed were slippery here and there, and in saving Mabel from a fall, Astley himself had a tumble, trifling in itself, but damaging to the duck suit; so damaging in fact that the suit went to the laundress next day.

Before its return, the weather had changed to that odd, almost autumnal coolness which checkers and tempests the heats of our American summers. It was some time before Astley had occasion to wear it again. When it was taken for use, by mere accident, he was searching for something in the pocket, when his astonished fingers encountered and drew forth a rather thick, flat, hard square of paper for which he could in no way account.

His first sensation was one of un-mixed bewilderment.

"Why, what on earth? A letter, and what letter?"—and he proceeded to smooth the crumpled mass out on the table. A few faintly written characters were discernible on what had been an envelope.

Mr. De—Edg r,  
P. Box 5—  
New Y—

"Dwight Edgar. Why, what does this mean. I have had no letter from him," reflected the astonished Astley, still intent on the disorganized fragments. "But stay—this isn't a letter from him—but to him. How could it get into my pocket?"

Here and there a sentence could be made out, or parts of sentences. "I am so very, very happy, but I can't tell you about that until"—"Ought to have got your letter four days ago."—"So you needn't go to Europe you see, for"—and then a blurred signature. "Come soon to your own Ros."

It flashed across him then, "This was the letter which Rosamond had given him to post four weeks ago. It had lain in his pocket all this time, and had gone through the wash besides! Here *was* a pretty kettle of fish!"

Quickly his mind ran over the disjointed phrases, reading the half-obscured meaning "between the lines." The letter was in reply to an offer from Edgar, there could be no doubt of that.

Astley had always suspected that there was a tenderness in that quarter. And Rosamond had said "yes." What must she have been thinking and feeling all these weeks?

And then a groan escaped from Astley, as it flashed upon his mind that only a fortnight since he had read Dwight Edgar's name in the list of the "sailed for Europe," read it aloud, with some careless comment.

Rosamond was in the room, he recollected. What had she said? Had she said anything? He seemed to remember that she got up quietly and left the room.

How should he ever tell her? And what use to tell, when Dwight was gone, gone for years as likely as not? Oh, what had his carelessness done?

"I suppose he went because he thought she would have nothing to say to him," he said to himself, miserably.

The sound of the dinner-bell interrupted his unpleasant meditations, and he went down feeling as if he ought to be hanged.

Rosamond was in her usual place, neat, graceful, smiling even; but studying her face with awakened attention, Astley thought that he detected effort in the smiles and cheerfulness.

The sweet face was a little thinner; the wild rose bloom, which was its characteristic, had paled to a fainter pink, and Astley heard his mother ask, "Headache again, my child?" And caught the patient answer, "just a little."

With increased remorse he execrated his carelessness. What ought he to do? What could he do?

Long and deeply did he study over the question. At last he took a half-manly, half-coward resolution. Confess his delinquency to his sister he absolutely dare not, but that night he wrote to Dwight Edgar, made a full exposition of his fault, and enclosed the faintly blotted scrap which said so little and meant so much.

This done, he sat himself to wait for the moment when he could produce evidence that, so far as in him lay, he had made amends for his mis-doing, and still then he resolved to be silent.

Astley was right in his guess,

Dwight Edgar had gone to Europe a deeply disappointed man. In the letter, to which Rosamond's was answer, he had written, "Don't say no. I could not bear that, nor could I give your gentleness the pain of uttering the word. I will wait two weeks, and if at their end you have said nothing, I shall go abroad, and travel till I can bear to come home again."

Not a wise arrangement this, considering what chances and changes, including post-office laxities, are involved in this mortal life; but lovers are not always wise.

The two weeks passed without word or token, each slow day deepening his hopelessness, and at their end he sailed. His final arrangements were made in a hurry, and he had been glad to accept a friend's benevolent offer of half a state-room on the overcrowded steamer. It was benevolence very poorly rewarded, for John Blagden found him very dull company.

For the first few hours he made some little effort at conversation, then he dropped all pretences and sat in a moody silence, staring at the dim backward horizon from which each stroke of the paddles carried them farther and farther.

It was no better after they reached London. The two men took a set of rooms together at the Langham, but to all plans of pleasuring, Dwight turned a deaf ear.

"Go by yourself, that's a good fellow," he said. "I won't bore you with my dullness. I'll just sit here till post-time and read the American newspapers."

"And that is what I left him at," explained John Blagden to a mutual acquaintance encountered in the coffee-room. "Poring over an old *Herald*, twelve days out,—what an occupation for a man to take up in London!"

"Poor Dwight, I never saw a fellow so changed in my life. He's all cut up about something, and I wish I knew what, for really, I have no notion what I ought to do about him. Nothing I can say makes any difference."

And nothing did make any difference till, a week after this conversation, Mr. Blagden returned from an excursion to Hampton Court, to find his friend busily engaged in cramming his belongings into a portmanteau, with a light in his eyes and a color in his cheeks which made him seem a different man.

"Halloa! I'm glad you've come, old fellow. I'm off at once."

"Oh? Where to?"

"Home. Liverpool train at nine o'clock and catch the *Bohemia*."

"Home! The States! Why, what does it mean? You were going to Paris with me on Tuesday, you said."

"Well—so I did intend, but I've had letters and must get back as soon as possible."

"Nothing wrong, I hope."

"Not at all; quite the contrary. Everything is right."

Marvelling greatly, John Blagden turned to the table, where amid newspapers and torn wrappers, and other debris of a just-arrived mail, lay a sheet of closely-written paper with a little heap on it of something odd and blotted. "What's that?" he asked, with a natural curiosity, stooping to examine it.

Dwight Edgar snatched it up.

"It's—it's nothing," he explained. "—only a letter I've had." Then breaking into a laugh at his friend's discomfited countenance, the first real laugh which John had heard him give since they left America, he added,—

"Never mind, old boy, I'll explain some day. It's all right, at least, I hope it is, and I know I've been a dull, unsocial dog all this time. You've been awfully good to put up with me, and I'll try to make amends next time we meet."

Meanwhile the days were passing heavily enough in far-away America, where Rosamond bore her secret pain. She had kept the knowledge of her plighted faith as a choice secret, not to be revealed till Dwight should come. When he failed to come, pride kept her silent still.

The news of his departure struck in her heart like a blow. What did it mean? "I will not be base, or little, or suspicious," she told herself; "there is some blunder. He will come back, he will explain."

But weeks of suspense and uncertainty passed. She could school her words and her manner, but not her face, and that fair face began to look piteous and wan.

Astley, watching her with compunctious anxiety, felt an ever-deepening heartache. Three weeks had passed since his letter of explanation was posted. Any hour might bring

a response, and he haunted the post-office with a pertinacity inexplicable to his father.

"I can't stand it much longer," he told himself. "If that fellow isn't heard from by to-morrow night, I shall make a clean breast of it to Rosy, and confess the whole thing."

And the next evening, "that fellow" still not being heard from, he did it. Rosamond, spirit-fair and fragile in her white dress, was sitting at her feet, he plunged into *medias res*.

"Rose, do you recollect a letter you gave me to post more than a month ago?"

"Yes," with a little gasp.

"Well, I forgot it."

"O Astley!"

"Yes; it was in my pocket, you know. I was going straight to the office, but something interrupted me—lawn tennis at the Potters, I believe—and then I sent my coat to the wash, with the letter still in it. I never found it out till the confounded thing came back, and some days after, as I put it on, I happened to feel in the pocket, and there it was—what was left of it."

Rosamond sat perfectly still. Not a sound came from her lips. Astley waited an instant, as if in hope of an answer, then went on,—

"Rosy, darling, you mustn't mind, but I couldn't help seeing who the letter was for, and that—that it was something of consequence. It was all blotted and blurred, but a word or two could be made out here and there. I was awfully cut up about it, and I couldn't bear to tell you, and I didn't know what to do. At last I wrote a full explanation to Dwight, and I put the scraps in my letter."

"Astley!"  
There was a ring of hope and of dismay in the exclamation. So absorbed were both that neither noticed that some one swung the gate just then.

"Yes, I did. It went three weeks ago yesterday, and by to-morrow you ought to hear from him, that is, if he happened to be in London when the mail got in. I didn't mean to tell you till his letter came, but I could wait no longer. Just say you forg—"

Why—what is it?—as Rosamond sprang to her feet with a cry, "Dwight! Dwight!" "She's fainted!" exclaimed Astley, in an awestruck tone, as his sister's head dropped heavily on his arm.

But happiness is a better restorative than burnt feathers, and in a little time Rosamond was able to assure Astley of her forgiveness, to smile and ask questions, and finally be left on the doorstep for a long moonlight talk with her truant correspondent.

When I saw Mrs. Dwight Edgar at Newport last year, she wore on her wrist a slender chain to which was attached a locket whose lid was a big moonstone.

Within was a singular little wad of what looked like paper which had been wet and pressed together. When I asked what it could be, she answered, evasively, "Oh, *papier maché*; a bit of an old letter which Dwight makes me wear. There's quite a story about it, but it's too long to tell."

Her husband chuckled, and later, seeing that I was curious, he told me the story which I have told to you.

"And you never saw any one so reformed as Astley is, ever since then," added Rosamond, with laughter in her voice. "He's the most particular creature you ever saw, always fidgeting and fussing for fear he may have forgotten something. If he lives to be a hundred, you may depend upon it, he will never again forget another letter in a coat-pocket."—*The Youth's Companion*.

## American Wonders.

The greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara.

The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi, 4,100 miles long.

The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania.

The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the great Iron Mountain in Missouri.

The greatest natural bridge in the world is the bridge over Cedar Creek in Virginia.

The longest railroad in the world is the Pacific Railroad, which is over three thousand miles in length.

The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea, being four hundred and thirty miles long and one thousand feet deep.

## THE IMITATIVE CHINESE.

The Chinese rely, mainly, for success as servants upon their wonderful powers of imitation. Their instructor must be careful to do the right thing, for they will imitate exactly his method. A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* says:

I was once teaching a Chinaman in my employ to make biscuit, and after cutting them in form, there was a small bit of paste left, which I placed caressingly in the corner of the pan. "John," during a service of two years, never missed the bit in the corner.

The same boy was particularly anxious to learn stocking-darning, and I at length consented to instruct him in that delicate art.

The stocking selected for the first lesson chanced to be brown in color. I gave him a needle threaded blue, and he ever after believed that brown hose were to be mended with blue.

The Chinese will also often imitate the voice and manner of the people with whom they live, and that, I am satisfied, without any intention of impertinence or humor. The Chinaman in my employ gave a curious illustration of this.

One member of the family was a musical young lady who was near-sighted, and somewhat given to vanity and affectation.

I had often seen "John" watching her with considerable quiet interest, but was not then aware how closely he had copied her young-lady airs.

One morning "John" was sent to dust a room in which were several musical instruments. As I passed the door, which was slightly ajar, I heard a discordant twanging of guitar-strings.

Peeping in, I discovered him in approved troubadour attitude, with a sheet of music before him, and attempting to sing Schubert's "Serenade."

He could remember no more than "Through the Trees," then he would begin again. He looked and acted so much like one who was accustomed to sing it, that I stole away to call some of the others to participate in my enjoyment.

When we reached our post of observation, "John" had given up the guitar, and was seated at the piano with a stiff back and elevated wrists, pretending to play an accompaniment.

He would stop playing and settle his imaginary skirts, then pretend to readjust his eye-glasses, then turn over the leaves of music, and peer at them with his nose almost buried in the pages.

After striking a few more discords, he daintily stroked his "bangs," toyed coquettishly with the "bangles" which were not on his wrists, then raising his face towards the gentleman supposed to be standing beside him, and putting on what was intended for a captivating smile, struck up "Take back the heart that thou gavest."

We could endure no more, but burst into hearty laughter.

## Three Petty Trifles.

If you are so fortunate as to possess a bunch of peacock's feathers, you may make a pretty ornament by arranging them in the following way: Cut a stiff piece of pasteboard about the size and shape of an ordinary plate, and cover it with crimson or blue velvet, plush, or satin. Edge it with narrow ribbon gathered in the centre, the edges caught together every inch, so as to form a sort of rose trimming. In the centre of this plaque, as it may be called, should be embroidered a spray of flowers, or fasten on a bow of ribbon like the edge. At the back of the plaque put a band of pasteboard, and through this thrust the ends of your peacock's feathers. Then fasten up in a corner, or anywhere it may look the best.

Very pretty fancy trays for card-receivers, etc., may be made of an old box cover and a few bits of bright cretonne. Choose a very stiff cover the size you wish the tray. You can cover it first with black cashmere, and on this foundation sew flowers cut from cretonne. In the centre, an oval piece of bright velvet, embroidered, would be pretty, or the velvet might be partly covered with a cretonne design. A little gold braid to outline the designs would add very much to the effect. Such trays are one-dollar apiece at the stores, and can certainly be made at home quite as tastefully.

If you wish a pretty ornament for your mantle, take three sticks and cover them with velvet. These sticks

may be about nine inches long, and should be round. Ribbon velvet will do to cover them. Tie them together near the top with a ribbon to match the covering. Suspend from this ribbon a pretty shell which is deep enough to hold a few flowers. You may have trouble in making the sticks stand properly, but a little perseverance will overcome this difficulty.

## A GREAT STORM PREDICTED.

WHAT PROF. WIGGINS SAYS ABOUT IT.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—Thé President has received a communication from Prof. E. Stone Wiggins, LL. D., astronomer of the Canadian finance department, saying: On the 23d of September I announced, through the Canadian press, that a great storm would occur in March next, that it would first be felt in the northern Pacific, would appear in the Gulf of Mexico on the night of the 9th, and being reflected by the Rocky Mountains, would cross this meridian from the West at noon of Sunday, March 11th, 1883. No vessel, whatever her dimensions, will be safe out of harbor, and none of small tonnage can hope to survive the tidal wave and fury of this tempest. As the wind will blow from the south-east, the planetary force will be sufficient to submerge the lowlands of the American coast, especially those bordering on the Gulf of Mexico, and washed by the gulf stream, while the air current for several hundred miles along the east side of the Rocky Mountain range, owing to great atmospheric pressures in these regions, will spread universal destruction. The New England States will also suffer severely from the winds and floods. No point outside of a harbor on the whole area of the Atlantic, especially north of the equator, will be a place of safety, for this will be pre-eminently the greatest storm that has visited your continent since the days of your illustrious first President. In view of this event, therefore, I take the great liberty of representing to your excellency the advisability of ordering all the United States ships into safe harbors not later than the 5th of March, till this storm has passed.

## AWED.

Several years ago, Miss Bird, the English lady whose journeyings by sea and land have made her name a household word, was travelling in Colorado, and stopped at the cabin of "Mountain Jim," a notorious desperado.

She saw a broad, thick-set man, about the middle height, with an old cap on his head and wearing a grey hunting-suit, much the worse for use.

His manner was that of a gentleman, and he spoke with a refined accent and in elegant language.

"You are not an American," he said, as she rode away. "I know from your voice that you are a countrywoman of mine. I hope you will allow me the pleasure of calling on you."

A few days later, he called to guide Miss Bird up Long's Peak, the American Matterhorn. The ride was a series of glorious surprises, not the least of which were the culture and the love of nature shown by Mountain Jim.

"Treat Jim as a gentleman and you'll find him one," she had been told on setting out, and his manners verified the words.

That night, as they were in camp, sitting about a huge log fire, the man's kindness came out. "Ring," he said to his dog, as if he was speaking to a man, "go to that lady, and don't leave her again to-night."

But Miss Bird also saw that his vanity stimulated him to act and speak so as to sustain his reputation as a desperado. The Colorado newspapers kept "Jim" always before the public, and he enjoyed reading the paragraphs.

One night, as the presence of wild animals made it impossible to sleep, he told her stories of his early youth and of the great sorrow which led him to begin a lawless life. His voice trembled, and tears rolled down his cheeks. His dark soul seemed stirred to remorse by the light of other days.

It was a painful spectacle to the English lady. His magnificent head showed the better possibilities which might have been realized. His chivalrous manner to women indicated the natural gentleman.

Yet there he sat by the camp-fire among the Sierras, a ruffian, whose life had been ruined and wasted.

"What good," she thought, "can the future have in store for this desperado who so long has said to evil, 'be thou my good!'"

The next morning day dawned long before the sun rose. The Englishwoman sat looking at the pure lemon-colored atmosphere, "Ring" by her side, when one of the party called to her to come farther down the slope:

"Jim says he has never seen such a sunrise."

She went. Looking up to Long's Peak, it seemed cold and gray. The everlasting snows, the silvered pines, the Plains also, appeared chilling in the blue-gray light. A dazzling streak shone in the east, and suddenly the sun rose above the gray horizon, as full of light and glory as when first created.

The gray changed to purple. The sky blushed in the rose-red flush. The cold peaks glistened like rubies. The Plains appeared, in their limitless expanse, as if the Creator's hand had just rolled them out.

Mountain Jim, reverently uncovering his head, exclaimed in a low, tender voice,—

"I believe there is a God!"

Alas for Mountain Jim! awe, even when inspired by the Creator's works, is not the repentance which begets a new life.

"If you want to know," he said one day to Miss Bird, when she tried to lead him to a better life, "how nearly a man can become a devil, I'll tell you."

Then he told her the sad story of a runaway boy, living the reckless life of a drunken ruffian. She urged him as the first amendment to give up whiskey.

"I can not," he said sadly. "It binds me hand to foot. I can not give up the only pleasure I have."

She pleaded with him, but he exclaimed in tones of despair,—too late! too late! It might have been once, but now it is too late for me to change!

One day, several months later, the desperado was found with a bullet in his brain. A man of violence he had perished by violence. The lady's appeal to his conscience was doubtless the last he ever received. He had the elements of the good in him, but he learned evil in youth, and was hidden by the cords of his own sins."

## Peter Cooper's Pocket-Money.

A reputation for promiscuous charity is sure to surround a person with hungry applicants, and some of them will probably be more *lazy* than needy. An old man, however, who has been judiciously benevolent all his life, may be excused for following the impulses of his heart in the use of his pocket-money. A New York correspondent of the Boston *Gazette* gives this little glimpse of the venerable Peter Cooper's habitual charities:

Nearly every day he drives down to his office and stays there for a few hours. As he comes out to his coupe, he is surrounded by a bevy of seedy-looking men. Each in turn steps up to him with a "Good-day, Mr. Cooper," and an expectant look in his eye, and just as regularly the benevolent old gentleman puts his hand in his pocket and gives him a piece of money and a "Good-day to you."

"Why do you let these people annoy you, Mr. Cooper?" asked an impatient young man the other day.

"They don't annoy me at all," said the philanthropist. "They are old friends of mine, poor fellows. Many of them have seen better days. They don't want much—just enough for a dinner or a lunch."

When I am ready to leave the office, I put a few dollars in change in my pocket and give it to them when they speak to me. They expect it, you know, and I wouldn't like to disappoint them."

## Trust.

A picture memory brings to me;  
I look across the years and see  
Myself beside my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain  
My selfish moods, and know again  
A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.

But wiser now, a man gray grown,  
My childhood's needs are better known,  
My mother's chastening love I own.

Gray grown, but in our Father's sight  
A child still groping for the light  
To read his works and ways aright.

I bow me down beneath His hand;  
That pain itself for good was planned  
I trust, and cannot understand.

I fondly dream it needs must be  
That, as my mother dealt with me,  
So with His children dealt with He.

I wait, and trust the end will prove  
That here and there, below, above,  
The chastening heals, the pain is love!



## DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 14, 1892.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:—One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, 12.50. If not paid within six months, 2.50. Prices are invariable. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter. <sup>10</sup> Terms, cash in advance.

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### A NOBLE WORK.

REV. DR. GALLAUDET'S lecture before the Boston Society is one that will bear repeating in every community. It is entitled "Objects in Life," and is replete with valuable advice and timely suggestions. Dr. Gallaudet preaches a practical religion whenever he rises to address an audience. Probably very few of those who see and understand his lectures will be able to discover the Christian features concealed in them. They will recognize only the truth and the wisdom of following the advice which his lectures contain. But to those who think deeply and see beneath the surface, there is at all times a strong current of that truest of all religious feeling to be detected—love for our fellowmen. We have plenty of lecturers who can make signs in unceasing flow hour after hour, but many of them sacrifice ideas to amplification of language, and when such as these have finished, the hearers are at loss to say what they have learned. They have been entertained, but not instructed. The value of a lecture is the beneficial influence it carries with it, and the subsequent good which it produces. Dr. Gallaudet is doing a noble work, which through the thirty years that he has been engaged in promoting the spiritual welfare of deaf-mutes has never flagged. May God bless and prosper him.

### Chicago Levee.

THE attention of Western mutes is called to the advertisement of the Chicago Levee, which is to be held in that city on the evening of January 1st, 1893. The entertainment is given under the auspices of the "Chicago mute Circle." We hope our Western brethren will have a successful and pleasant gathering, and that those who attend may take home with them a wealth of happy remembrances that will serve to cheer them when separated from their silent friends. The mutes of Chicago, and those living at short distances that can be traversed quickly by rail, will do well to patronize the first large public social entertainment for deaf-mutes and their friends that has ever been held in the Garden City.

We can imagine the look of fury and malevolence which drove away the stereotyped grin that characterizes the handsome countenance of poor Mr. Read of the *Advance*, when he read our criticism on the insulting letter which he published a short time ago. Instead of the contrite spirit which should follow the pointing out of so grave a dereliction of editorial duty, he manifests, in the last issue, a bitter and malicious personal antipathy. We claim the right to protect deaf-mutes from public insult, and we will always exercise that right, even should our action in defending them bring down on us all the scurvy wrath and littleness of soul that the *Advance* man has ever felt.

### Catholic Literary Union Reception.

Our readers will find in this issue an announcement of another entertainment which is in store for the New York deaf-mutes. We refer to the advertisement of the Catholic Literary Union. They propose to give a Grand Reception and Ball. Our remarks at present are brief, but as soon as we can learn all the particulars and progress of this social enterprise, we will present full information concerning it. Look for something in this column in January.

THE *Advance* man begins an alleged editorial with the quotation: "Gossip is a sort of smoke that comes from the dirty tobacco-pipes of those who diffuse it; it proves nothing, but the bad taste of the smoker." After this come a lot of stuff that would be gossip if it were not incoherent, and ends with: "and this (meaning the jargon he has written) proves the bad taste of the smoker." It is seldom one meets with such candor and truthfulness.

## ITEMIZER.

News From Every State in the Union.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

The brother of Mr. Charles E. Knight, of Greendale, Mass., boards with him.

Lewis Morris, of this City, lately launched out into business for himself. Hope he will succeed.

Fred Clough, a graduate of Fanwood, in 1877, was seen peddling chromos along Great Valley, N. Y.

About a month ago, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Cutter, of Greendale, Mass., commenced house-keeping.

A deaf-mute Levee will be held in Chicago, on January 1st, 1893, at Klare's Parlor Hall, 70 and 72 North Clark Street.

Mrs. Geo. Cutter, of Greendale, Mass., spent Thanksgiving with her parents. Her husband joined her the Saturday following.

James Pettit, of Manhattanville, a suburb of New York City, drives a two horse truck. We believe he is the only John in the City.

Fred Tillman, late of Fanwood, left his place on account of incoherent language on the part of his boss. He is looking for another job.

Wilbur D. Stillwell, of Gotham, who, for the past three months has been working in a kindling wood factory, has left his place on account of the work-rooms being always cold.

There are four deaf-mutes in Greendale, Mass., who are all brothers and sisters. Their names are Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Knight and Mr. and Mrs. George F. Cutter.

A dispatch, of December 2d, from Columbus to the *Cincinnati News* says that the report of the Trustees of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb shows urgent need for improvement in ventilation and enlargement of the building.

Mrs. Mamie Lee writes:—"We would like to have a married couple of deaf-mutes who have no home and want to make money by work, come to us to live. We want help. Address to Osgood, Coryell Co., Texas.

Mr. Young, of Philadelphia, is an industrious young semi-mute man. He supports his widowed mother, an evidence, we think, that he is a dutiful and obliging son. All deaf-mutes should follow his good example.

On Wednesday, November 9th, Mrs. G. E. Risley, of Waterville, N. Y., returned home from a month's sojourn in Syracuse, N. Y. She was surprised to find how the city has grown since she left there about seventeen years ago.

An employee of a Brooklyn Cracker Bakery informed the writer that John P. Partington, a mute, was appointed as an assistant foreman in the girls' department in the bakery. The boss is much satisfied in the way he conducts the business.

A couple of weeks ago, Miss S. Risley, a pupil of the Central New York Institution, and his father-in-law, Thomas Beary, of New Haven, N. Y., visited Mr. Risley, in Waterville, N. Y., a couple of days. Mr. Beary thinks of purchasing a farm in Little Falls, N. Y., this winter.

A month or so ago, Mr. James H. McMeacher, of Wheeling, W. Va., spent a couple of weeks in Harrisburg, Pa., and during his visit there called on Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Runk three times, and enjoyed himself very much. He left for his home three weeks ago.

Two men, pretending to be deaf-mutes, were arrested in Harrisburg, Pa., the latter part of November. Mr. Daniel Runk was summoned to find out if they really were mutes, and after a short conversation he pronounced them impostors. They were fined, and ordered to leave the city.

Mr. Daniel and Mrs. A. E. Runk, of Harrisburg, Pa., have been sick with malarial fever for eight weeks. They are getting along pretty well now. Mrs. Runk expected to go to Maryland on a visit on the 17th ult., but was prevented by sickness. During her sickness, the sister of Mrs. Runk remained with her two weeks.

Mme. Lambert, who is at the head of St. Joseph's Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, in Westchester, is having plans made for the erection of a five-story building for the Institute near the present site. It will be 50x100 feet, and will be built of Philadelphia brick with blue-stone trimmings, and will cost \$36,000.—*The Westchester Times*, Dec. 9, '92.

The Twilight Union propose to have an invitation masquerade party some time during the latter part of January or the first part of February, and for that purpose appointed Messrs. I. N. Super, W. G. Pownall and F. M. Senior, a committee to secure a hall, and make other arrangements. The next meeting of the Union will take place on the second Saturday evening in January (13th), at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Weinberger in Harlem.

At the last meeting of the Manhattan Literary Association, the chairman of the levee committee said he did not think it right that he should be obliged to personally assume the expense of entertaining the association's guests, etc. He moved that he be allowed ten dollars for the purpose. A member thought if the sum asked be granted, the proper persons to do the entertaining was the Reception Committee. This did not suit the chairman, as he desired to appear "big" on the occasion, and so finally after some talk he was allowed the sum he wanted.

Louis Lyons, of Waco, Texas, is still working for his father, and makes good wages.

Mr. William White, of Brooklyn, is very happy with a bouncing girl two weeks old.

Theo. A. Froehlich looked happy because he received beautiful presents on his birthday.

Miss Alice Forbes has left Sherborn, Mass., to live in Natick, and works in the shirt factory.

The Manhattan Literary Association has decided to devote part of the profits of the Levee to charity.

At the Thanksgiving party of the Twilight Union, there were not about twenty persons present, but thirty-three.

It is predicted that four Pittsburghers will be present at the Philadelphia Levee. It is hoped that Peter Gilmore will be there.

Geo. Brennan, of Carbondale, Pa., was in Honesdale lately, and while there had a good time skating. He wants to hear from Joseph Brown.

Miss Mary Davis, a mute lady, was in Natick lately, selling manual alphabets for two days. She was educated at the "Fanwood" Institution.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Bigelow had an enjoyable visit from Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Fish on their wedding trip, who remained with them for five days.

Mrs. Wm. L. Bird's mother died at Danby, Vt., a few weeks ago, and she is thinking of going to live with her married sister in Yassar, Michigan. She lives with her mute brother till spring.

William Kinney, of Bartleyville, N. J., is sorry he could not visit New York on Thanksgiving. He is busy building a new shop. He hopes to see his old friends Mr. Gamage, Mrs. Totten and Mr. Fitzgerald, soon.

Mr. Edward Wilson, of Philadelphia, was presented by his wealthy father with two hundred dollars on the occasion of his last birthday, the 2d of December. He is now twenty-one years of age, and consequently a freeman.

The rumor that Thomas Hippler was married by Rev. Mr. Mann, at Norwalk, O., on November 10th, is false. Thomas is now at his home in West Lodi, O., and intends to make brooms through the winter. He visited friends in Defiance and Toledo, O., last week.

Emaline E. Heilig is now working for Mr. Green's family in Omar, O., four miles from Arden. On December 3d, Thomas Hippler and M. Heister, of Bellevue, O., visited him. Emaline expects to go to Bellevue and hear Rev. Mr. Mann preach, on December 27th.

Mr. James H. Caton, the blind deaf-mute of Fanwood, wishes all of his friends a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, yet he advises them to be beware of Santa Claus, as he has heard that Santa Claus will punish all of those who do not believe in his existence.

Reader, please note the change in the advertisement of the Manhattan Literary Association Levee, to take place on Dec. 27th next. Note the various news and special features of attraction therein mentioned. Prizes to be given to ladies and gentlemen, Souvenirs to ladies.

The Secretary of the Philadelphia Levee will forward to the *JOURNAL* for publication next week, a communication relating to affairs concerning the Levee. He is in receipt of numerous letters from prominent mutes of different states announcing their intention of being present.

The Levee of the Manhattan Literary Association will no doubt be a brilliant success on the 27th of December. Everybody should go and not miss the fine prizes. It is announced that a lady of the west side of Fifth Avenue, will give a party to her friends after the Levee.

A correspondent, member of the Chirological Lyceum, writes that he hopes that if any of the mutes who are visiting the Levee in Philadelphia, happen to be in that city on Wednesday evening, that they will not fail to attend the Chirological Lyceum, at Chestnut and 15th Streets. They will be welcome. He says that he hopes to see the Lyceum honored in that way by the presence of many visiting deaf-mutes.

A Philadelphia writer writes:—"It is a coincidence that our Levee will be held on the birthday of Laurent Clerc. I never thought of it until reading Thomas Brown's article in the last issue of the *JOURNAL*. Many Philadelphians will be at the New York Levee, leaving that city in time to be present at ours. We will be glad to see the New York Levee a success, but think it will not surpass ours. Mr. Washington Houston, Prof. J. T. Elwell and Thomas Brown, Secretary of the Philadelphia Levee, will be present at the New York affair, if the latter can obtain leave of absence.

On Sunday, the 10th inst., Rev. Job Turner conducted a private service for deaf-mutes in the chapel of St. Paul's Church, Louisville, Ky., at 11 A. M., a combined service in the church, at 9:30 P. M., and had a farewell service in the same chapel Monday, at 7:30 P. M. The services were all well attended by the deaf-mutes. There were about thirty at the Sunday afternoon service. Mr. Turner left for York, Pa., via Stanton, Va., Tuesday. He enjoyed his sojourn in Louisville, Ky.

On Thanksgiving Day, Mrs. Mary E. Totten received something which will undoubtedly cause jealousy among those who need them. What did she get? Not a roast turkey, but only a feather-bed and a double blanket. So Mrs. Totten can feel more lucky than others do. Why? Because, if she intends to change her quarters, somebody can say to her: "Rise, take up thy bed and walk." Therefore she may feel well enough to outlive the Nineteenth Century. In less than two years, she will be seventy-five years old, but to most of us she appears to be fifteen years younger.

### MARRIED.

MEACHAM—HOLT—At the residence of the bride's parents, in Charlton, Mass., on November 21st, Miss Mamie E. Holt to Mr. Allen B. Meacham, of Guildhall, Vt.

### DIED.

SKILLIN—In Boston, Mass., on Friday evening, December 8th, at 10 o'clock, Frank E. Skillin, aged 26 years.

Mr. Frank Skillin worked for about six years for the firm of Bardwell Anderson & Co., of East Boston, Mass. Edward Duran has worked in the same shop with him for many years. On Sunday last, about forty deaf-mutes of Boston and vicinity paid their last respects to the deceased. Among them were Messrs. Holmes, Goldsmith, Duran, Carter, Radolph, Johnson, David and Robert Wood, and Mrs. Lynde, Mrs. Barnard and others. On the casket was a beautiful floral offering from his late employers, Bardwell Anderson & Co.

A Philadelphia correspondent says "that rumor hath it that the New Yorkers are trembling in their boots at seeing the affairs of the Philadelphia Levee progressing so smoothly."

Mr. Walter B. Peck, son of Isaac Lewis Peck, LL.D., has kindly honored the Manhattan Literary Association with the acceptance of the office of Chairman of the Floor Committee, at its Grand Levee. Mr. Leo Sonnenborn, that of Assistant Chairman. Both gentlemen have declared themselves desirous of making the event a success. Under the management of these gentlemen, a fine sight is expected at the Grand March.

The Year-Book issued by St. Ann's Church, of New York City, besides other interesting matter, contains the following statement: there were eight deaf-mutes baptized in the church; six being infants and two adults. There were four deaf-mutes confirmed; four deaf-mute marriages, and four deaf-mutes buried from the Church. The number of deaf-mute communicants was about one hundred and thirteen; the number of deaf-mute founders connected with the parish about 30; the number of individuals (deaf-mute) who attend the Church about 300.

THANKSGIVING AT THE DEAF-MUTE SCHOOL.—A happy Thanksgiving was spent by the little ones at the School for Deaf-mutes on Elliott street. The long tables at which the merry children sat, to partake of their dinner, fairly groaned under its heavy load of good things, which were mostly purchased with the money a kind lady, interested in the silent children, had presented to them for a Thanksgiving dinner. A visitor would have smiled to see the delight with which the pupils gazed at the feast set before their eyes, and the way in which they made their fingers fly in expressing their happiness. In the evening an entertainment was gotten up for the amusement of the little ones. It consisted of a shadow pantomime, in which some of the scholars took part. Notwithstanding the shyness peculiar to childhood and their want of experience, the little actors and actresses performed their parts with a self-possession and a degree of intelligence which excited pleasure and admiration on the part of the numerous spectators. They acted the various characters of a lady and a gentleman, a barber, a tramp, a beggar, a shoemaker, a policeman, an old apple-woman, with all the accessories, almost to perfection, besides going through a regular series of scenes and acts. At the close of the performance, games suitable to children were played with zest. Refreshments were served just before the little ones were sent to Dreamland, where they doubtless dreamed the events of the day over again. They want to know if they can't have a Thanksgiving Day every week.—*Beaver City Citizen*, Dec. 9.

## NEW YORK.

Hereafter only members will be admitted at the business meetings of the Catholic Literary Union of New York City.

Miss L. C. Gray, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is visiting friends in Connecticut. The Twilight Union, of Brooklyn, N. Y., held a meeting last Saturday at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Jubring in Brooklyn.

Alex. Pach, of New York City, is rapidly becoming a good photographer, a specimen of his work, which he recently exhibited, was one of the finest specimens of the photographer's art to be seen.

The Manhattan Literary Association recently asked the President of the National Deaf-Mute College to lecture before the Association, but that gentleman found such a thing an impossibility.

"Should the Penal Code be enforced" is the subject chosen for debate before the Catholic Literary Union on December 20th. All are invited. Entrance to rooms, 39th and West 15th Street.

The Manhattan Literary held a business meeting last Thursday. Business relating to the coming Levee held the floor. From appearances it will be the event of the season. Tickets are going off like hot cakes. Out-of-town deaf-mutes will be numerous in New York City on the 27th inst.

Mr. J. Reilly and Thomas Brown were admitted as members of the Catholic Literary Union at the last regular meeting of that Union. The former was elected unanimously. Some opposition was made to the latter, by some of the members, who were laboring under the delusion that they were running the Union from personal motives, but as their reasons were flimsy, Mr. Brown was elected. These members now threaten to resign.

A Philadelphia mute has asked the Catholic Literary Union to forward a copy of their Constitution and By-Laws to him, as the project of organizing a Catholic deaf-mute society in that city has revived.

The brother of Alex. Goldfogel, of New York City, came home late one night recently, and on opening the hall door, he heard a strange sound as if some one was breaking into the basement. Listening for a few minutes, the sound was repeated. He called out and enquired who was there, but received no answer, though the noise continued. He then hurried to the Police Station, which was at a short distance, and returned with the sergeant, carrying a four-foot night-club, and a roundsman of immense size hugging a big navy revolver in one hand and a club in the other. Followed by these, he descended to the basement, from whence the noise continued at short intervals. On hearing this, "the finest" gripped their weapons with terrible energy. The basement door was thrown open, and they prepared for a wrestle with a couple of evildoers. The light of a lamp carried by Mr. Goldfogel shed light all over the room, but no desperate burglars were visible, but in one corner was a poor cat which had been caught by one of its legs in a rat-trap, which had been chained to the wall. Poor puss, in her endeavors to release herself, had caused the racket. She was released amid the mingled grins and prayers of thoughtfulness of the big roundsman, who thanked his stars "that it was only the cat," and not a fearful ruffian.

## BOSTON.

### The Sudden Death

MR. FRANK SKILLIN.

### Notes and Society Incidents.

The sudden death of Mr. Frank Skillin cast a gloom over his many friends, cut off as he had reached the age of manhood, being but 26 years old. He was attacked on his way home from his work in East Boston last Friday, and at 20 minutes past ten the same evening he was dead. His sudden demise was caused by congestion of the lungs. He was a graduate of the Hartford School, and was respected by all who knew him. His funeral occurred to-day (Sunday) at 2:30 P. M., at Hotel Westminster, where he boarded with his parents, and his remains will be carried to Deering, Maine, for burial to-morrow morning. He was a dutiful son, a loving brother, and an excellent citizen. All his friends and associates sympathize with his relatives.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet gave us a practical talk last Wednesday, on the subject of objects in life, including many useful hints.

Mrs. R. Barnard has a married daughter living in Brooklyn, N. Y., whom she intends visiting, with whom she will remain until February. She will attend the Levee in New York. We hope that she may enjoy her visit. She will leave for New York by the Fall River route to-morrow.

On the evening of the 22d, a large number of deaf-mutes and speaking friends visited Mr. Geo. A. Holmes and Mrs. Holmes, nee Miss Abbie L. Chaffin, to offer their congratulations to the married pair, and also to present them many presents, both useful and ornamental, such as a silver card receiver, silver casket, china fruit dishes, silver knives and forks, spoons, a costly marble clock, a parlor lamp, oil paintings and statuary, etc. A large oil painting was presented to the newly married couple by Messrs. Edward Duran and F. Skillin (now deceased) and six other Bostonians. They were treated to wedding cake and lemonade. At a late hour, the party broke up.

Mr. James Barbark, a graduate of the Northampton School, has moved to Charlestown from Salem. He is a fine looking young man and is a printer by trade.

There will be a lecture at the Boston Deaf-Mute Society Wednesday evening, Mr. Frisbee will speak. Miss Jennie P. Leach of Staten Island has been enjoying herself very much at Taunton, Mass., where she stops with her uncle and relatives. She shook the dust of the Hub from off her shoes about Thanksgiving, but will this week return to Boston. I am inclined to think she has a natural attraction for the Hub. After Christmas she will return to her home.

Our genial Stanton Wheeler, of Worcester, visited his relatives in Chelsea, and while there, visited his friend Frisbee at the Navy Yard, in company with his sister and friends. They were shown around the yard by Mr. Frisbee, never having visited the yard before. They were much interested. In the evening, Mr. Wheeler and Frisbee called on Mr. Kranse and Mr. Homer. He (Wheeler) will arrive home on Tuesday.

Two Wednesday ago, Mr. George Newhall delivered the story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to us at our hall, and we were all delighted with it. Should it be played in Boston again, many of us will witness it. For several years past, Miss Bella C. Flagg has had a Christmas tree at her house, but this year she will omit it, in consequence of the peculiar exhibition, which she will give sometime during Christmas week. It will be a private affair. We shall have a Christmas tree at our hall, which will no doubt be an enjoyable affair, as it has been in years past. I hope a goodly number will be present.

"Gymnast" prays the gallant "Vox Nona" to Boston, and attend the Levee and Masquerade party to be held January 11th, 1893.

"Gymnast" wishes all the mutes of the world and the rest of mankind, A Merry Christmas. GYMNAST, Boston, Dec. 10, 1892.

### IOWA INSTITUTION.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Mr. F. W. Booth, the teacher of the academic class, spent Thanksgiving at home, and came back here last Saturday evening.

Mr. Moses Folsom, the editor of the *Hawkeye*, spent Thanksgiving day with his wife and son in Charlton. He returned to the Institution last Sunday.

Thanksgiving day passed off pleasantly here. The afternoon was passed in various amusements, and in the evening, some of the older pupils, assisted by Mr. D. W. McDermid, gave an entertainment in the chapel, consisting of tableaux, etc.

Miss Maggie Polock, formerly a teacher in this Institution, but now a teacher in the Nebraska Institution, on the 25th of November, accompanied by Mrs. Chapman, of Council

Bluffs, whose husband is the editor of the *Nonpareil*, made us a visit.

Mr. Russell Smith, a compositor in the *Daily Herald* office, Omaha, Neb., spent Sunday and Thanksgiving at the Institution. He contemplates going to Des Moines for the purpose of working in the *Register* office.

Miss Katie M. Cox, of Brownsville, Neb., made her cousin, Miss Florence Clement, the art teacher, a visit last week. Miss Cox is an instructor in the High School there.

Mrs. Denton, recently the nurse in the Institution, was married to Mr. Benj. C. Cote, of Anita, Cass Co., Ia., two weeks ago. We now have no nurse.

Two weeks ago, Messrs. Folland and Bradford, of Salt Lake City, Utah, made us a visit. They are ministers of the Mormon Church. One of them told our Superintendent a story of an Indian. The Indian met a Mormon and talked with him. The former said, "You too much wife." It proves that the Indians are more civilized than the Mormons.

Very respectfully, W. COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA., Dec. 7, '92.

### Columbia Institution Items.

Edward Carter and Miss Thompson, colored graduates of the Institution, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony a few weeks ago, President Gallaudet acting for the minister in the sign-language. Shortly after that occasion, they were on the Virginia bound train, bearing along with them the best wishes of their friends.

Mrs. Prof. Ballard and children absented themselves three weeks, visiting the former's parents in Baltimore, and returned Saturday evening amidst friendly welcomes, especially from the little girls. Prof. Ballard went to Baltimore Thanksgiving day, returning Sunday night.

The condition of Harry T. Robertson was alarming a few days ago, but he is now all right.

The horrid examination—such is what the boys call it—is drawing nigh, and many of us are reviewing our studies in order to pass as well as circumstances will permit.

The roll of honor for the month of November, was read to the pupils at their chapel hour last Wednesday. President Gallaudet was blessed with a surprise, otherwise he would not have had a smile on his fatherly face. In his little speech, he said his face was always long when names were missing, but when added to the list, short and broad.

George Sanders, a day pupil, attends school here every morning, and takes articulation lessons with Prof. Bell in the afternoons. The latter called to examine our methods of articulation the day before Thanksgiving. There is an understanding that George is to leave here after examination. But his classmates express a desire that it may never get into the records of this Institution.

Principal Denison and son were to Baltimore on some business last Saturday.

The Rugby foot ball belonging to the primary boys cost five dollars.

William A. Miles, a late graduate, in a letter to an old chum here, writes: "I would like to know the whereabouts of Mr. Kohl." Can any one, or the latter himself, satisfy his inquiry?

Messrs. North and Spahr may attend the Philadelphia Levee. Some other gentlemen are thinking of going there too.

Money was gotten up by Mr. Lucas, and with it a large, handsome portrait of late Matron Pratt was purchased and presented to the Institution Thanksgiving evening.

Messrs. Adams, Bell, Spahr and Marsh, were to Alexandria, Virginia, some two weeks ago. On their return home, they reported having had a good time.

There was a rumor, some time ago, that Robert Dailey's brother was sleeping his final sleep, but it was found to be untrue.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanders, parents of our George, hailing from Haverhill, Mass., paid us a visit some time ago.

All the pupils here will leave for home Christmas except seven, including five of the High Class.

While subscription for the coming Masquerade Ball was in progress, the members of the High Class responded handsomely.

JAKE RAKE DRAKE.

KENDALL GREEN, 11-12.

### From Minnesota.

Mrs. Nettie Rogers, nee Miss Nettie Israel, who graduated from the Iowa Institution, was married to a deaf-mute teacher. Her real pleasant home was in Brighton, Iowa, before she got married. Her sister, Ellen, has been for many years teaching the mutes in the Iowa School, at Council Bluffs, Iowa, but she has resigned in order to accept another situation as a teacher in the Kansas Institution. Mrs. Nettie Rogers was considered the prettiest girl in the Iowa Institution. She is now living with her husband in Cedar Spring, S. C., where Mr. Rogers is a teacher at the deaf-mute school.

Do Mr. and Mrs. Rogers expect to attend the National Convention in New York City next summer? If so, their friends will be much pleased to see them again.

Frank Esselstine wants to inform Mr. Goldfogel through the *JOURNAL*, who would like to hear from his for-

mer classmate, that he is getting along well in Bluffton, Otter Tail Co., Minn.

A friend is anxious to hear from Miss Lena Forthman, the sister of William Forthman, a graduate of the New York Institution.

Miss Alice Thompson, who was educated at the Minnesota Institution, was married to a hearing gentleman, whose name is Mr. F. Barney, last winter. They are living in Deer Creek, Minn. They have become the happy parents of a little daughter.

### GREATEST ATTRACTION OF THE SEASON

## SECOND GRAND LEVEE

OF THE

Manhattan Literary Association,

AT

LYRIC HALL,

ENTRANCE, 723 6TH AVENUE,

BET. 41ST & 42D STREETS,

NEW YORK CITY.

Wednesday Evening, December 27th, 1892.

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

COSTLY PRIZES AND HAND-

SOME SOUVENIRS

WILL BE DISTRIBUTED

The Levee will be the grandest affair known in our community. The Manhattan Literary Association has gone to great expense to make it highly attractive and enjoyable to its guests, and to sufficiently repay those coming from out of the city.

For the entertainment of hearing friends, a first class band—Drum-major Geo. W. Hill's Orchestra, of the Ninth Regiment—has been engaged.



## COLUMBUS.

A Birth, a Marriage Anniversary and a Death.

## A LOST LAD.

## A Variety of Items.

From our Regular Correspondent.

Although a change of season has succeeded, winter setting in apparently in earnest, and although Congress has convened and events abroad are stirring, here in this little world of our Institution, movements scarcely vary from the even tenor of their way, which speaks well for the good man at the helm, and the house and school have, since the Thanksgiving occasion, with renewed vigor, resumed their wonted duties, with a clock-work-like precision and pendulum-like push and energy that, to say the least, is quite a side compliment alike to all the officers and teachers; and to the dear scholars who with alacrity fall into line and their places, whether in the schoolroom or at the shop—commendable praise.

The general health of the School and Institution keeps well up to its average degree of excellence.

The Teachers' Meeting of December 4th, 1882, may be summoned up in a few words. They met, and adjourned to Third Monday evening of the month, in very short order.

News from our friends down in Southern California report that everything is O. K. with them. Father Perry looks ten years younger, and is as smart as a ball ever was. A striking contrast with last year here—bent and troubled with rheumatism, down there this winter he is straight as an arrow, and a stranger to all ills akin to flesh!

Men of Columbus, that is, the most prominent among them, have presented a memorial to the "City Fathers" on the condition of the streets of the city and the premises of its residences. It is not enough to know that cleanliness is one of the first rules of civilization. Cleanliness promotes health, and increases wealth; it lessens the rate of deaths, and augments the comforts and attractiveness of life. Dr. Franklin put the whole subject in a nutshell when he said "Public health is public wealth." An English capitalist sojourning in our city has remarked that thousands of dollars invested in cleaning our streets would be a good investment. There is no beauty without cleanliness. Dirtiness or neglect of place repulses instead of attracting people to its abode. Among the names signed to the memorial, we notice those of F. C. Sessions, one of our present Trustees, and C. P. L. Butler, a former Trustee in the days of Supt. Weed, now a teacher in the Philadelphia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

A trio of good fellows, namely Robert King, Jacob Rode and Joseph Otis Vance, strode into the Institution Square a week ago, taking by surprise every friend of theirs, who, however, was very happy to see them again. Otis Vance came down on business for his uncle. He says he would like to reside permanently in Columbus if he could only secure a situation in one of our city printing offices. Messrs. King and Rode were taking advantage of an opportunity to air around a little while—their work shuts down for a day or two from death of orders.

Miss Annie M. Vickere, the young lady who read in the chapel of our Institution before many members of the Legislature one evening last winter, has been rendering ever since similar favors before the Public. On Thursday evening last, she read at Town street Methodist Episcopal Church. Miss Vickere is something besides—a very interesting young lady.

A Delaware, O., correspondent of the *Evening Dispatch*, of this city, in one of its issues of last week, announced the death of F. Anthony, Esq., father of our friend, Albert Anthony. He has our sincere sympathy.

The Skating Rink at the City Hall, has re-opened for the winter season. So far as this Institution is concerned, we expect to see it patronized this year more extensively than ever before.

Clifford F. Doan, a deaf and dumb lad, assured himself in at our Institution on the morning of two Sundays ago. His looks and manners took him for a runaway idiot from the Imbecile Asylum, of this city, in consequence of which very considerable alarm was felt on account of the well-known fact that the scarlet fever was still raging at that place. The telephone was immediately brought into play, and the information elicited that no person of such a name could hail from there, had the effect to set at rest all further fears. It is believed that he belongs in Indiana and to the school out there. He was held here until something definite could be learned about him. Supervisor Lewis Flenniken put him on the train for his home in Richmond, Indiana, last Thursday.

The weather here on Thursday morning last, was intensely cold. Towards noon it moderated.

A large, handsome, new clock, costing a hundred dollars, has been put up on the northwest wall of B-Floor centre in the main-hall of the Institution, in the place of the old one that was proving itself to be unfaithful and unreliable, indeed so much so as to incite threats of vengeance from some, and excite the *Viva-Viva* local to breathe murderous imprecations. Now that the principal cause of commotion or disturbance has been removed, "let us have peace."

The "B" Floor pupils look forward to their social to take place on Tuesday, Dec. 12th, in the Girl's Play Hall.

Mr. Conold and bride honored their *alma mater* with a call for the first time since their new relation in life; on Sunday a week ago.

Mrs. Annie Sparks, of Cincinnati, O., (a graduate of Kentucky Institution) and sister of "Mercury," gave a surprise party in honor of the Seventy-Second Anniversary of her mother's (Mrs. Hoagland) birthday, at the residence of the old folks, on Sunday evening of Dec. 3d. There were present a large number, about fourteen, and a most enjoyable time was had, including an abundant supply of refreshments. Surprise after surprise was a feature of the occasion, for a good many of them brought nice presents to the old lady. We have the names of only a few of those present, viz: Mr. Hoagland, Jr., wife and four children; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Catley; Misses Woloski, McShane and Knion, and Messrs. Blount, (a grandson of old Mrs. Hoagland), Raum, Kelly and Lewis.

We may state the cause of the terrible cold of last week. "Woman was at the bottom of it." During her transit, Venus slighted the sun. Old Sun paled—stark mad, and hence the frenzied state of the late weather.

A telegram announcing the death of the aged mother (85 years) of Mr. Amos Eldridge, of Springfield, O., called him to Salem, O., whither he went, and attended her funeral, a week before Thanksgiving Day. The old lady held in her own name, at the time of her decease, property valued at twenty five thousand dollars.

Miss Warner, who by the way is a most excellent housekeeper of this Institution, has been quite ill for a week, but the faithful visits of her physician not only brought her out all right again, but lighted up the faces of the table ethetes.

Prof. Haskins says it was a sweet six-pounds-and-a-half girl that brought joy into his home on the first day of winter.

The accomplished Miss Mary C. Bogle, Springfield, O., spent Thanksgiving Day with her relatives on Hopkins Street, Cincinnati, O. During her brief sojourn there, she did not forget to call on her friends on Betts and Doman Streets. Miss Bogle returned home last Saturday, and reported having passed a very pleasant Thanksgiving week in the Queen City.

Some of our boys aver that they observed the transit of Venus with the help of a piece of smoked glass.

The late severe cold weather started great activity among the ice-men. Our new brick ice house has a capacity of holding four hundred and thirteen tons. The first day of the haul brought ice cakes of five inches and a half thick. If stored very full, it will last about two years.

Mr. James Byrns, a former pupil of the Wisconsin Institution, who has been away from Porkopolis (Cin., O.) for a year on a peddling trip through some parts of Kentucky, returned to that city last week on business connected with his trade.

Otis Vance thinks he has secured a position in Cotte's printing office on High Street, Columbus, and expects to have a "case" this week.

The Ohio readers of the JOURNAL will always read with interest anything that refers to Miss Annie M. Byers, or in her place, her father, Dr. A. G. Byers, who is as much "one of us," as there ever was one.

The following is from the *Evening Dispatch* of Dec. 8th:

"One of the most pleasant social events in Columbus society took place last evening at the residence of Mr. W. Y. Miles, No. 445 East Broad street, being neither more nor less than the celebration, by Rev. Dr. A. G. Byers and his worthy wife, of the thirtieth anniversary of their marriage. Mrs. Mary Abigail Byers was the daughter of Rev. Stephen Rathbun, a pioneer in Methodism in this city."

"Among those present were Governor Foster and Auditor Ogden, School Commissioner DeWolf and other State officers; besides Revs. Spar, King, Jackson, Sr., Superintendent Talbot, of the Institution for Deaf and Dumb, together with many prominent citizens, and young ladies. The seven children of Dr. and Mrs. Byers were also present—Annie, Otis, William, Albert, Bertha, Joseph and Basil."

"Dr. Byers, who is now in his fifty-seventh year, has in his lifetime filled many prominent positions, not only in the church but otherwise, having first practiced medicine in Lawrence county. He subsequently visited California, and in 1852 went on the Gallipolis circuit as a minister in the Methodist Church. In 1861 he was Chaplain of the Thirty-third O. V. L., resigning on account of ill-health in 1862. He was afterward pastor of Third Street Church (then Bigelow Chapel), and in 1864 received the appointment of Chaplain of the Penitentiary, which he left in 1868 to accept his present position as Secretary of the Board of State Charities."

Miss Coggeshall, articulation teacher, has been, we regret to hear, very ill with palpitation of the heart for a few days.

Mother Perry left Columbus, at last, last Wednesday, for Hanging Rock, near Marietta, O., where for aught we know she will hang up stockings for nephews and nieces on Christmas morning.

Mr. Joseph H. and Mrs. Adelaide J. Vance, of Cincinnati, O., along with a select few, have been invited to be present at a grand dinner to be given on the 16th inst. by Mr. and Mrs. Goldman, of Middletown, O., in honor of the twenty first anniversary of their son Joseph's birth day, Dec. 12th, which day, unavoid-

ably deferred, will be duly observed at the late day.

Mrs. P. P. Pratt has been sick with an attack of pleurisy, but the timely visits of Dr. Flowers are causing the unwelcome tormentor to retreat slowly.

Misses Camp and Byers, teachers of this Institution, braved the polar weather by going to Lancaster, O., last Friday evening, and returned home the next night none the worse for the trip.

Mrs. J. M. Pratt, who has been laid up two weeks with a severe Michigan cold, which, at times it was feared, would settle on her lungs, is now herself again, thanks to her skillful physician, Dr. Flower.

Mrs. Backland, assistant matron of this Institution, has been granted leave of absence for a week. She will attend the wedding nuptials of her daughter in Mt. Vernon, O., who is to be married next Wednesday afternoon, December 13th, to a gentleman of Springfield, O.

Miss Louisa K. Thompson arrived here last Wednesday evening, after a month's absence. We can give only a brief account of her visit at Hartford, Ct., with Dr. G. O. Fay. She left New York Friday morning, and reached Hartford in the evening. Mr. Fay met her at the depot Saturday, there being no school, Principal Williams treated her to a fine ride, visiting the chief points of interest in the city. In the afternoon, Mr. Fay took her to the State House, which, she says, is a most magnificent building. Sunday, she attended church with Mrs. Fay, while Dr. Fay was on duty at the Asylum. Sunday evening, Mr. Fay went with her to another church in the city. Monday and Tuesday she improved in inspecting the working system, in which she was specially interested. Miss Thompson then spent Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at Northampton, Mass. Returning Saturday to Hartford, she received the sad summons to the death bed of her father, and left the same night for home.

Imagine the surprise of all, particularly Supervisor Flenniken, who supposed he had sent right home the below referred to subject, which we get from the *Saturday Morning Journal* of the 9th inst.:

"Some gentlemen yesterday found roaming the streets a boy whose actions they thought to be strange. When questioning him they discovered that he was a deaf-mute, and that he took measures to place him in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, from which place they supposed he had probably escaped. At the Institution, however, they had never before seen him. He told them by talking upon his fingers, in which he was very expert, that his home was Richmond, Indiana. Believing from still further questions that he was sane, they took him to the Insane Asylum, but here also he was a stranger. Being a non-resident of the State the authorities could not take him in, and he finally found his way to the city prison, where he was locked up for safe keeping, until arrangements can be made for his removal to Richmond. He is a very intelligent looking boy of perhaps sixteen, and gives his name as Clifford Doane. While his face is bright, he often wears a look of deep melancholy or dejection, and at times seems to make strenuous efforts to speak. He has evidently been educated in some asylum for deaf-mutes, and he writes a beautiful hand. It is difficult for him to express his thoughts, however, and he makes some very queer mistakes. For instance, he expresses his desire to go home as follows: 'Want to go the train come home.' He is a very intelligent looking boy of perhaps sixteen, and gives his name as Clifford Doane. While his face is bright, he often wears a look of deep melancholy or dejection, and at times seems to make strenuous efforts to speak. He has evidently been educated in some asylum for deaf-mutes, and he writes a beautiful hand. It is difficult for him to express his thoughts, however, and he makes some very queer mistakes. For instance, he expresses his desire to go home as follows: 'Want to go the train come home.' 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## FANWOOD.

### A Word to the Boys

#### INSTITUTION SHAVINGS.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

There appears to be a growing tendency among the male pupils of Fanwood to leave school before their terms expire. During the vacations they are successful in obtaining a temporary situation at a few dollars a week, and having never received a like amount before, imagine it a question of but a few short months before they will be rolling in wealth. But they are deceived. Their knowledge of their trade, of course, is so limited that they are given the scum of the shop—i. e., that work which while necessary to be done, is rarely performed by a competent workman, consequently the labor grows irksome and as much may be said of the pay. Of course there are plenty of opportunities to rise from this rut, if so it may be styled (for it's really good workmen have been there), but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they do not, as the insignificant wages of many a deaf-mute fully attest.

The business which appears to offer the most advantages to a deaf-mute, is printing. But this business, while treating its masters well, is proportionately severe on its incompetent devotees. Probably a good printer receives more wages than a good workman at any other trade, but unless a man is thoroughly conversant with all the numerous details which constitute the art, he is hardly better off than a fifth-rate cobbler.

A few of the boys who have worked in the Institution office a couple of years have, we are sorry to say, a very exalted opinion of their knowledge relative to the art. To hear them talking among themselves, one would be inclined to believe that "what they didn't know wasn't worth knowing." Having learned to set reprint with tolerable accuracy, and easy MS. with fearful uncertainty, they start out and cheekily proclaim themselves workmen *par excellence*. Their level is soon found—very poor work and very poor pay. If, by a strange dispensation of Providence or marvelous check, they obtain entrance to a first class office, the foreman soon tenderly bows them out, and does not hang the office towel on the door knob in lieu of crape to express his grief, either.

To be sure, we do not include all of our apprentices as belonging to this class. There are some who show a decided aptitude for the work, are eager to learn, and do make commendable progress, but to the few referred to and to many in the other shops, we would mildly state that "blowing" about what you think you know will not do any good or further your interests. A good workman at any trade is made, not born. The time spent at this mutual admiration society if devoted to acquiring a knowledge of good literature will be of more benefit in after life than these miniature cyclones of brag. The road to property is rough; you can't go around it, but must clear away the obstacles. The time for our friends to begin is now, if they do not desire to get stalled on the grade, and forever afterwards reap the reward of wasted opportunities.

#### SHAVINGS.

While Supervisor Howell was in the city last week, he passed a place where stood a man circulating handbills with a picture of a mammoth gorilla. The gorilla was represented to be the largest in the world, and could be seen for ten cents. Mr. Howell paid the price and entered. He was conducted around several corners or angles in the building, and at length stopped in front of a small box which contained one of the smallest of the monkey tribe. He was disgusted, of course, but thinks the joke was worth ten cents.

Baker Beatty says Henry Schanck has a decided talent for the baking business, and predicts a brilliant gingerbread future for him.

Supervisor Sloat, who resigned a couple of weeks ago, has returned to his old position here again. Mr. Stowell will have to return to the High Class, in all probability.

Arthur L. Thomas will leave for home Friday to help his father in the post office during the Christmas holidays.

One of the High Class girls received a hamper from home one day last week, and the day following the fair members of the class munched apples to their heart's content.

Two lady composers connected with the down-town printing establishment of Henry M. Tobitt, visited the Institution Thursday last. They expressed themselves as highly delighted with everything they saw in the printing office, and said they would like to work in such a well-regulated and comfortable establishment.

The sister, cousin and a lady friend of Edmund R. Wormer visited him on the 7th inst. They reside in Albany, N. Y.

The love-making of Venus and the Sun was relished by many of our pupils Wednesday last. They witnessed the affectionate meeting through smoked glass.

The customary Christmas preparation bustle is averted. We understand the holidays will commence

on December 21st and end January 3d, 1883. Plenty of time for restoring spent energy.

Prof. Jenkins lectured before the Catholic Literary Union in the City last evening.

Various styles and designs of New Year cards are being printed in the Institution office for those pupils who desire them.

Thomas Warden, an old pupil of the 50th Street Institution, and who was employed for some time as servant for Dr. H. P. Peet, remained a couple of days at the Institution last week.

The sitting room of the girls presents a cheerful appearance these long winter evenings. The young ladies are busily engaged upon some sort of fancy work which, when finished, will be sent as a Christmas gift to relatives or friends. Many of the girls are expert in this line, and the work executed is very commendable. The work already finished, which embraces mats, braiding, sofa pillow covers, hoods, rubias, card-cases, etc., in various colors and designs, would compare favorably with that on sale in the city stores. The work, of course, is done during leisure moments, and will, without doubt, be greatly appreciated by far away friends.

E. A. Barry sniffed Fanwood air Friday last.

Frank M. Senior killed a few hours here on the 8th inst.

One day last week, a complimentary dinner was given to Mr. David G. Yuengling, Jr., who was recently appointed school inspector of the Seventh district, at Koch's hotel, 147th Street and Avenue St. Nicholas. Dr. Peet was among those present.

John Wanzel, Esq., entertained the members of the Peet Literary Society with a short address Friday evening last.

Benjamin S. Robinson, Clerk of the Board of Supervisors of Saratoga County, visited us Friday last. Addresses of welcome were written by the members of the High Class, and in return he made a speech which was highly appreciated.

The debate before the Fanwood Literary Association Saturday evening last, was on the subject, "Is the glory of the warrior greater than that of the orator?" G. Noble and W. Durian upheld the affirmative, and U. S. Dunn and J. B. Lloyd the negative. The result of the voting was 107 to 30 in favor of the negative. The meeting lasted from seven till nine o'clock.

The numerous attractions of Sixth Avenue were enhanced by the presence of Misses Barrager and Bryan Saturday afternoon last.

Martina J. Ray spent the afternoon of the 9th inst. with friends in 21st Street.

Five Fanwoodites carried Pach's photograph gallery, on Broadway, by storm Saturday last. Their irrepressible advertising card, Alex, was as affable as ever. The photograph of the freshmen boat-crew of Columbia College was an exhibition, and Walter B. Peet, son of the Principal was noticed as the central figure. Walter is now a sophomore.

"Peet" LeClerc, of this city, has invited his friend, Wm. Durian, to spend a couple of the Christmas holidays with him.

Two little fellows, friends of Freddy Bauris, visited him on Saturday. He showed them, with much pride, his case in the printing office.

While returning from the city one day last week, Anthony Capelli found a pocket book containing eighty cents or thereabouts in cash and a check for \$50. He immediately took steps for the return of the property.

At the last meeting of the Peet Literary Society, W. G. Shanks was chosen to succeed F. Crocker, and A. Capelli to fill the place vacated by Mr. Stowell.

Prof. Mann took tea with Supervisor Howell Sunday evening last.

Lieutenant Daunhower, of Arctic exploration fame, promised to accompany Alex Pach to the Institution, Sunday last, but was prevented by the sickness of a friend. He will, however, come up at the earliest opportunity. Alex remained all of Sunday afternoon.

Theodore Lonsbury, looking miserable and dejected, returned Saturday, but left the following day with the remainder of his clothes. "Farewell, a long farewell!"

Caddie B. Felver called on her friend Miss Bryan, Sunday. They had a pleasant chat about old times.

Thomas Halloran was among our visitors of the 9th inst.

Anthony Capelli made each of the male members of his class a Christmas present (in advance) of a neat book mark, one day last week.

James H. Caton, the deaf, dumb and blind mute, closed the prayer meeting in the chapel Sunday evening last, with a short but interesting story, followed by prayer. It was a very impressive sight to see this boy, devoid of three senses, praying in his own peculiar way, to the Giver of all Good. Although so sadly afflicted, James is a remarkably intelligent boy, and fully comprehends that he still has many blessings to be thankful for.

On Sunday evenings when the weather is too stormy to admit of going to church, the officers of the Institution assemble in the large sitting room and hold a sacred concert. A large assemblage was congregated together on the evening of the 9th inst.

Mr. Crittenden met an old European travelling companion last week, and the "old glad life" was raked into view again.

Miss Chidsey, matron of the Linen Department, is spending a few days at her home in Connecticut.

CHIEF.

## DETROIT.

### Betrayed and Deserted.

#### OUR CLUB.

### Batch of Miscellaneous Information.

At the last weekly meeting of our club, a debate was held between two of our members on the relative value, strength, usefulness and durability of "Wood, vs. Brick," with Jos. Kolhoff as expounder of the former, and Geo. D. Hunter of the latter. The contest was very spirited, and a good deal of rare wisdom and humor was displayed by both the participants. The contest was finally decided in favor of Brick; though we believe wood might have fared better, only that its disciple left out many important parts in his argument, and hence the decision of the judges. Brick had clay, and other like substances at its back, while wood went alone.

The following clippings from the Detroit Evening News, of the 8th, under the caption of "Betrayed and Deserted," tells a tale of "injured innocence":

"Fannie M. DeFoe, a deaf-mute of rather comely appearance and unusual intelligence, was at the Central depot this morning, under escort of Officer James McNamara, looking for her baggage, and if possible for a trace of Stephen Whildins, who is alleged to have seduced her away from Birmingham, Mich., with promises of marriage and a happier home in the west, and then to have deserted her in this city yesterday."

"The young woman told her history and tribulations to *The News* reporter, and her situation excited the sympathy of quite a crowd of railroad officials and others who witnessed her distress. She is of French origin, but born in New York, is 28 years old, and has lived at Birmingham for a long time as servant in the family of Wm. Sturgis. While there she became acquainted with Whildins, and he visited her from time to time. Recently he described the beauties of life in the west until she consented to accompany him there to become his wife. She packed her clothing, all she had in the world, and started with him, arriving in Detroit yesterday, when, after ruining her, he left taking a satchel containing all her underware, since which she has heard nothing of him save the report of the police officials that he took a train for Chicago yesterday."

"In answer to questions from officer McNamara and the reporter, the unfortunate young woman said she could hardly think and didn't know what to do. She had a half-sister, Mrs. Bromley, living at 219 Michigan avenue, and a half-brother, Michael DeFoe, but for some reason did not expect help from them in her trouble. Her answers to all questions were written with remarkable promptness and intelligence, and her greatest anxiety was to get back to Birmingham, although she would go to work here if a place of any kind was offered. Officer McNamara secured what baggage belonging to her that had not been taken by Whildins in his flight westward, and it and the owner transferred free of charge to the D. H. & M. depot, and got a pass for her to Birmingham, where she has probably arrived among friends at this writing. George Bromley, husband of the girl's half-sister, was called upon by the reporter for any information he might have regarding the girl, but was very diffident, remarking gruffly that he had never seen her but once, and didn't care to know anything about her."

We have received a letter from Sidney H. Howard, of the Flint Institution, in which he expresses regret that he could not come here on the 9th inst., owing to pressing business at the Institute. He expects, however, to be in Detroit on the 16th, when he will deliver a lecture to the members of the Starlight Club. Sidney further says that he intends attending the Chicago Levee on the 31st inst. Also that the sickness at the Institute is slowly abating. Three of his pupils are sick—though not from diphtheria.

#### ODDS AND ENDS.

William A. Thayer expects to spend Christmas at Flint.

Isaac B. Pies, pupil at the Flint Institution, expects to spend Christmas in Detroit.

Elijah Robinson returned to school on the 11th inst.

We hear that L. Roulo, of Springfield, is down with sickness. Whatever it is, we are not sure, though it looks like diphtheria.

Geo. H. Martin's mother, reported seriously injured some time ago, is still sick.

Mr. John Borden, of Jackson, who was reported as wanting to locate in Detroit, denies the rumor, and says it is his wife who wants to. Mr. Borden is a first-class pants-maker, and has steady work the year round. Jackson, Mich., is a good place for tailors.

The father of Rudolph Stark, at present a pupil at the Flint Institution, and of Miss Matilda Stark, graduate '81, is dangerously ill at this writing, and well nigh dying. He has been suffering with asthma about three years.

Tom Callahan is the only mute wall-paper hanger here. He has a good sit, and, we presume, is a boss hand at his business.

Miss Cora Britt recently obtained employment at a match factory, and Mrs. Phillips, of Lansing, takes her place as general help at Marcus H. Kerr's home.

We read in one of the papers here of a 10-year old deaf-mute girl, some where in Michigan, being frozen to death, while walking on the ice of a creek, and through a weak spot in the ice and being held fast in three feet of water. We have forgotten the name of the girl and the place of the accident.

Rudolph Stark was called home from the Flint Institute, Monday, 4th, on account of the dangerous illness of his father.

Mr. Henry Baitz, of Osadoa, Mich., visited Marcus H. Kerr, at his art studio last week. He works in a saw-mill at that place, and says he will remain in Detroit until after the holidays.

Ed. L. VanAvery returned from Jackson on the 4th inst., where he had been spending Thanksgiving and the few succeeding days.

Thomas Leach, Collins C. Colby and N. A. Doetsch, are slinging type in a law-brief printing office.

Mr. Thomas R. Leach received a letter from his parents recently, in which they want him to spend Christmas with them.

Collins C. Colby and George E. Morton recently paid a visit to the Detroit House of Correction, and were much impressed by what they had seen. The House of Correction is reputed to be the best regulated prison in the Union.

L. Roulo has invited a select company of mutes to dine with him December 31st.

John E. Nash talks of going to Grand Rapids to "lay up" after the holidays.

Geo. E. Morton is a "regular" in one of our morning papers. Capital fellow for such a place.

Pat Gambleton works in an iron foundry, and the place seems to suit him pretty much.

The Starlight Club tenders the hand of friendship to the new Chicago Mute Circle, and wishes it a successful career.

The proposed Levee to be held here Christmas has been abandoned, and a quiet home party by the Starlight Club will probably take its place.

DOT AND DAT & CO.

#### NUISANCES.

"People might think there was no room inside the church, judging from the number of mutes, who weekly (Sunday afternoons) gathered opposite or near it while services were being conducted inside," was a remark by Dr. Gallaudet, from the pulpit of St. Ann's, one Sunday not long ago.

It produced but little good, so the reverend gentleman again spoke of the matter, this time at a certain meeting of an association, in the course of which he said, "the neighbors had complained to him of the crowd," and he invited all mutes either to enter the church or remain away from its vicinity.

After this, for a few weeks, there was a decided change for the better, the "gang" being only represented weekly by a few of its members; but last Sunday, the 3d inst., as the congregation was leaving the church, "the whole mob," increased by a number of stragglers, who had been in waiting for sometime, rushed around the corner like an avalanche, to the great disgust of many who had just left the house of God.

Such a state of things, Mr. Editor, is most disgusting, and I hereby enter my most solemn protest against its further continuance, and call upon you to denounce it, and through the columns of your paper, lash the offenders; and if it is necessary I hope Dr. Gallaudet will take legal steps to abate this growing nuisance, immediately.

Most of these mutes complained off, seldom or never attend service in St. Ann's Church—in fact, the majority of them are connected with another church, and as soon as its service is concluded, rush around to 18th Street and 5th Avenue, and there, while attracting much uncomplimentary attention and remarks, await the dismissal of Dr. Gallaudet's congregation.

If those who attend St. Ann's Church, were in the habit of haunting the vicinity of the other church, what a time one of the JOURNAL's correspondents would make, and would he not insist that each and every member of the much-vaunted association which he represents, was insulted by such act? I, for one, think he would.

There is another thing which happens occasionally at St. Ann's. I refer to the presence of drunken mutes during the service for our class. These fellows not only disturb and distract the attention of at least a part of the congregation, but in their beastly state are disgusting in the extreme, and a disgrace all mutes.

The nuisances of which I have written, are not all; there are others of which I may speak hereafter and further, to disabuse the minds of many from the suspicion that I have "some axe to grind." I here confess that some of the very ones of whom I complained, in the first place, are my personal friends and acquaintances. REFORM.

New York, Dec. 6, 1882.

## PHILADELPHIA INSTITUTION.

Thanksgiving passed off very pleasantly here.

The pupils had no school, and after eating a good dinner consisting of boiled chicken, pumpkin-pie, cranberry, pudding and other things too numerous to mention, they sat in the sitting-room for half an hour to rest their busy digesting-organs. After that they went out in the yard and enjoyed themselves in skating and sliding. While they were enjoying these sports, a number of the pupils made a stage at the west end of the play-room for the purpose of playing "Bob Rollick, the Mischievous Scholar."

At four o'clock the stage was completed, and then the pupils rushed in and took seats before it. Among them were several ex-pupils. When the curtain was drawn up, the stage resembled a school-room with six scholars and a professor, who with his far extending monstache and big belly made the audience roar with laughter. Pat Early acted as Professor, and Billy Fields as Bob Rollick, and the performance lasted till supper time. In the evening our worthy principal showed us some interesting stereoscopic views in the chapel, after which they went to bed, where they had many pleasant dreams.

Christmas is fast approaching, and the pupils are waiting eagerly for its arrival. It is said that they will receive better presents and a better turkey dinner than they got last year.

At a meeting of the Chirological Literary Society, on Wednesday, 6th inst., Mr. James S. Rider delivered a very interesting lecture on "Hamlet Prince of Denmark." The young gentleman received much praise at the conclusion of his lecture, and some of the pupils said they never saw a more entertaining one.

The transit of Venus, which occurred on the 6th inst., made the teachers busy in smoking pieces of glass, and getting ready their opera-glasses, and by the aid of these, the pupils got a good view of the great planet.

Though diphtheria is epidemic here, none of the pupils have been infected with it. The health of the pupils has been remarkably well, and since the beginning of the term there have been but a few on the sick list.

The new post-office building, which is next to the magnificent "Record" building at 9th and Chestnut Streets, is nearly completed, and will be one of the largest post-offices in the United States. The new City Hall, which is in the course of erection, will, it is said, be ready for occupancy in 1887.

The Institution boasts of being again the winner of the first prize offered by the JOURNAL.

Indian club swinging is still a popular exercise among the pupils.

Prof. John P. Walker, '83's favorite teacher, is in the best of health. EQUITY.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 8, '82.

#### "Appeal to the National Deaf-Mute Artists."

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I wish you to accept this article and publish it in the JOURNAL. I am anxious to know the names and residences of all the deaf-mute artists in the world, especially those who live in the United States.

I wish to ask the rising deaf-mute artists, who are art professionals, to send their names and residences to me, as I will try to organize a society of Deaf-Mute Artists in a very few years, if the number of artists is large enough. I understand there are about fifteen artists whose homes are in New York City, but three of them are now in Europe. I must tell all deaf-mute artists that their work may not be accepted at the public exhibitions which the American Artists make the arrangements, because the Jury of Admission, or Hanging Committee, is always unkind to the deaf-mute artists, so we may start a society for the deaf-mute artists. We must wait till the National Deaf-Mute Convention will meet next August in New York City, and I will see if our venerable artists can organize a society. I desire to know from Messrs. Kerr and Tuttle, who are strangers to me, what they think of the Deaf-Mute Artists' Society?

The following letter was written by our famous deaf-mute artist, John Carlin, Esq., a few days ago:

"New York, December 2, 1882.

"My Dear Mr. J. F. Treach:

"Your favor, of yesterday, in which you solicited my assistance in the organization of a new society of deaf-mute artists, was duly received. After some consideration of the matter, I shall candidly express my opinion of the practicability of the enterprise. While assuring you and your fellow-artists that such a society as is proposed in your letter is excellent in its object, and may, in due time, prove capable of promoting our art-life welfare, I am inclined to think it proper to wait a little while—say at least two years—for beginning the undertaking. The reason therefore is as follows:—

"With the exceptions of myself, Humphrey Moore, Kerr and Tuttle, who have pretty long been regular art-professionals, all the already known young deaf-mutes are still art-students, and may become professionals before many months.

"Although I so ardently desire to see our society fairly brought into existence with success and prosperity, my increasing age admonishes me to retire just now from my long public life of activity, and enjoy my remaining days in the pleasures of my darling art at the easel. But it will certainly give me pleasure to give you and others all necessary hints about the organizing of your society when commenced.

"I am very sorry to learn that you were unsuccessful in getting your pictures received at the Fall Exhibition (of the National Academy of Design, also at the Black and White Exhibitions).

"I beg you, my young friend, to bear your disappointments with as much patience as you can master, and also with hopes for your better times and fame.

"Yours sincerely,

"JOHN CARLIN."

All deaf-mute artists can send their names to Mr. John F. Treach, "Art Students' League," No. 38 West 14th Street, New York City.

## CLEVELAND, O.

NOTES—SUGGESTION—MILLS SHUT DOWN.

Thanksgiving-Day was generally observed here, and the services conducted by Rev. Mr. Mann were interesting, instructive, and well attended.

There is a four-year-old child, daughter of Mr. Johnson, who lives near the writer, who has lost the sense of hearing. He thinks of sending her to some articulation school, to teach her how to talk by looking at the teacher's lips.

A social is talked of here this winter.

Christmas and New Year are approaching, and there are indications of big times for our class.

In the JOURNAL, three weeks ago, an error was made about Mr. and Mrs. Turner. The intelligent typo made a mistake by taking Cleveland instead of Cincinnati. It should be in Cincinnati.

Scarlet fever and diphtheria are spreading in our city, the children of Mrs. Edwards being the victims, but they are getting along nicely.

C. A. Cool, of Pittsburg, is expected in town Christmas.

The father of George Reading and Mrs. Sawhill, of Braddock, Pa., is a driver on the Euclid Avenue and Prospect Street car line.

It is suggested that the mutes of Cleveland should follow the example of the Chicago mutes, and organize a society.

It is feared that several mutes employed in rolling-mills will lose situations, owing to the contemplated shutting down of several mills.

Juliet, I. I. mills, in which three mutes are employed, have shut down. LONG PRIMER.

Dec. 14, 882.

#### From Here and There.

Congratulations are due to Mr. A. M. Martin and his fair bride, Eunice, whom we used to know in Little Rock, Ark. May they have a long happy voyage down the river of life!

Ever, Adam, be thou like the dove, In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

A western deaf-mute paper announced the illness of its editor, piously adding: "All good paying subscribers are requested to mention him in their prayers. The others need not, as the prayers of the wicked avail nothing."

In the manger of a stable in the western part of Iowa, there was found a girl baby about a week old. It was found by a young deaf-mute girl, who was hunting for hen-eggs. No clue could be discovered to the party to whom the child belongs. It was adopted by the owner of the stable.

We have heard of a deaf and dumb dog in Indiana. Have you ever heard of a deaf and dumb horse? We have seen blind horses, though. How could a man make a deaf and dumb horse go or work?

James Wendell may be the real name of the convict in the Fort Madison Penitentiary. Well, he has two aliases, Jim McGee and Jim Avery. He broke jail in Marshalltown, Ia., but was recaptured, and sentenced to the penitentiary for six months.

When his time was out, he was released and given some money to go to his friends. In two short months he committed another crime, and was arrested again, and returned to the same penitentiary for two and half years, for burglary and safe-blowing.

He rebelled in prison one day, and had a severe fight with one of the guards, but was knocked down by another officer from behind, and was taught to obey the rules.

In the city of Carthage, Ill., recently, the brass band marched through the city about four o'clock in the morning, blowing their trumpets loudly, with the intention of awakening the people to see the grand comet in the east. Behind them followed a deaf-mute with a bright light that lighted up all the windows in their path. One old man was so frightened by the sound and light from sudden awakening, that he really thought the Archangel Gabriel was blowing his trumpet, and he slipped out of bed, and offered a fervent prayer the first time in his life. When he found out his mistake, he felt like cursing that brass band. JUDGE DECOURSEY.

#### PENNSYLVANIA TRIFLES.

Thanksgiving Day has gone. It was snowing and very cold. We had good sleighing and skating on Thanksgiving Day.

Wish a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all.

Chas. W. Longenberger, of Watons-town, says he has cast his first vote.

He went to Allenwood and met Charley Dietrich and Hattie, Miss Bell Breon of Elmport, and John Ware, of New Jersey, (all mutes). He was surprised and glad to see his former classmate John. John says he is hunting rabbits, deer, &c.

Hattie Dietrich says she will go to Philadelphia on Christmas. She will be the belle of the Levee, so the writer thinks.

Frank DeWeller, of Danville, was paying a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Clark, of Northumberland in September. He looked to be enjoying himself. He is still a watchmaker.

C. W. Longenberger went on a visit to William E. Hummel, of Milton, on the 25th of November, and was surprised to see a pretty little deaf girl, whose name is Eva Heeter, a pupil of the Indiana Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Eva is a second cousin of William, and came to see

her relatives on October 26th. She is going to stay there until April. She says she wants to go to the Deaf and Dumb Institution in Indianapolis before or on Christmas, but she can't go, because it is very far. She seemed to be well, and enjoying herself.

Chas. returned home on Monday. Chas. visited Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Clark last September. He found that they were sick with fever and chills. He went to see Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kline and their baby girl, who was born on the 18th of July. Chas. found that Henry was sick with fever. He thinks Henry is proud, because he is a father. His daughter can hear.

Miss Hannah Shannon, of Watons-town, was sick with ague in November.

Mr. and Mrs. Galen Mutchler, of Shamokin, have two children who can hear and speak.

William E. Hummel says, he expects to go to Philadelphia on Christmas.

Eva Heeler was at Trevorton to see her relatives, with her parents, in November. She met Jacob Knoedler, of Trevorton, and had a chat with him.

A gentleman visiting his friends of Watons-town, asked Charles if he knew that a deaf-mute peddler was at Berwick, peddling needles. He said he did not know of it. Who was he?

The writer would like to go to the Levee in Philadelphia, but does not know if he will be able to go. Hope that the Levee will be successful.

Dec. 4, 1882.

#### California Items.

Why don't the gay "Mephisto," who used to write for the JOURNAL, continue to do so, concerning California mutes? The California mutes would like to have him do so.

Mr. M. Hill, of Santa Barbara, paid San Francisco a month's visit during October. He visited all the mute ladies, and enjoyed himself. He returned, the last of October, to his home.

Miss Kelly is visiting San Jose. She is from Ohio.

On Saturday